



"SMILING JEEMS" MUTRIE, FATHER OF THE GIANTS



MANAGER of Pennant Winners of Yore, Viewing a Game at the Polo Ground, Recalls Famous Men of Oldtime Baseball

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Aged man, with eyes deep set and keen, stood behind the seats at the Polo Ground during the last days of the pennant fight, watching the Giants play. "Rube" Marquard, the pitching sensation of the season, was in the box. The crowd was cheering him, for he had just struck out the side.

No one paid any attention to the aged man, whose legs were somewhat unsteady and with which a cane collaborated. He stood alone. At last another, whose hair was white, came up, looked at the first closely for a minute, and then—

"Hello, Jeems! I wasn't sure it was you."

"Hello, John! That Marquard is a great pitcher." James Mutrie, the winner of two pennants for the Giants as their manager, had ridden out to the Polo Ground on the elevated unnoticed and had filtered into the grounds unsung. Yet there was a time when he could not have gone anywhere in New York without one man nudging another and whispering—

"Mutrie. Smiling Jeems."

So it is with John McGraw now. He enters a café, and a hush settles while every one present stands with ears strained to catch a word of his conversation in the hope that a pearl of baseball wisdom may be picked up. He cannot go anywhere without being known. So it was with Mutrie in the late eighties. Yet he went to the Polo Ground that day and the keeper of the press gate questioned his right to enter his own home until Arthur Bell, of Mutrie's time and now employed at the Polo Ground, gave the custodian of the entrance the "tip" that it was all right to let in the famous old manager.

Mr. Mutrie was of the time when the ball players wore mustaches and Burnside and talked about the pitcher throwing an underhand ball. Look at the old pictures of teams of his day, and all the players have facial decorations of some sort. This is the age of clean shaven ball players. Not a single whisker in the big leagues right now. The famous mustache of John Titus, of Philadelphia, was the last, and now it, too, has gone. But in his day there were men in the game whom you could never know from Justice Hughes.

Yet, in spite of this difference in the style of wearing the whiskers, Mr. Mutrie—for the sake of old times let's call him "Smiling Jeems"—says that the baseball of to-day is no better than that played in his time, and then he produces data to show that it isn't.

"The pitching may be a little better to-day," he reluctantly conceded as he watched Marquard knock down a couple more men by the strike out route, "but the fielding and batting I think are not as good. Speaking of catchers, there was 'Buck' Ewing, the best man who ever stood on spikes behind the bat, and he could hit, too."

And Mr. Mutrie's face was wreathed in smiles at the pleasant memory, the same sort of smiles that decorate the face of a resident of Boston when he is reading a poem which touches the spot.

"That 'Buck' Ewing, and how he could throw," mused "Smiling Jeems."

When a ball player says "that Christy Mathewson" or "that 'Buck' Ewing," it is the highest possible tribute to ability.

"And where are the batters of the old days?" asked Mr. Mutrie, with a purely interrogative tinge to his tone. "Where are the Brouthers, and the Rows, and the Whites, who used to be the carpenters' delights, tearing down the fences? There are not any sluggers playing ball to-day like those men. Cobb, and Lajoie, and Wagner are great hitters, but they are not the wall-poppers that the old timers were."

"That sounds like the good old days' theme."

"And I'd be a fine ball player if I were not loyal to my time! I admit that baseball is on a better basis now and the crowds are more lucrative, but I don't think the playing has improved any. Why, in my time, seven thousand persons made up an enormous crowd. I remember when I first came to New York and wanted to put a ball club in here."

"You can't do it," said every one; "the gamblers will spoil it, and you can't make it go."

Outguessing the Pessimists.

"I made up my mind to outguess those prophets of evil, and I wore out shoe leather walking up and down this town trying to get backers. They all laughed at me and wanted to appoint an insanity commission. Laughed at me!" echoed Smiling Jeems, walking rapidly up and down the grand stand in spite of the chilly-breeze in his legs, and indignant at the memory. "They laughed at me then. And look at baseball in this town to-day—and I started it."

"Whom did you finally get to back you?"

"John B. Day, and I put the Mets in this town in 1880. We played one hundred and eighty-eight games that year. I got an option on the old Polo Ground at Fifth avenue and 110th street and then went to Washington and hired most of the Hop Bitter team, including Kennedy, 'Hugh' Daily, 'Steve' Brady, Nelson, Lewis, Say and Muldoon. I arranged three games with the Nationals, of Washington, at the Polo Ground, and for the first one there were two thousand persons out to see us play. That was a monster crowd then, and we were all surprised at it. I had my men out there, but the Washington team failed to show up, and the spectators began to get after me."

"Throw him over the fence!" yelled one man, and the rest needed no further inspiration. They started down on the field after me, and I, having heard that discretion was the better part of valor, began getting across the field as fast as my legs would carry me, and they had more speed in them in those days than they have now. The bunch was right at my heels, and I just made the box office in time to shut the door and lock it. I thought that they were going to tear it down, and yet I hated to give up any of the money, as it was my first game."

"There were no telephones in those days, so that I could not call up and find out what had happened to the Washington club. Some fellow had got a big beam and had started to use it as a battering ram against the ticket coop when I opened the window and announced that I would pay the money back. I had just given the first man his two bits when a shout went up—

"Here they come!"

"It may have been a welcome sound when Columbus heard the sailor at the masthead cry 'Land!' but I bet that it didn't have the same meaning to him that the 'Here they come!' had to me. I closed down the window and the crowd rushed back to their seats. We won that game and the next, and all three that I had

arranged. I hired John Ward to pitch for me at the great salary of \$25 a week. He worked in one game and his arm went bad. Pitchers weren't the pampered prima donnas then that they are now, and it wasn't the fashion for their arms to go bad, so I fired Ward."

"We played for the State championship in 1881, and in 1882 I got 'Tim' Keefe, Holbert and Roseman. That 'Tim' Keefe was a grand ball player, and he was responsible for my winning the League Alliance championship that year. Next season the Mets joined the American Association and in 1884 we won that pennant."

"When I had planned out the ground with John B.



JOHN M. WARD



AMOS RUSIE

Day, he said to me—'Jim, you've got too much grand stand. You'll never fill the seats.'

"And we filled them the first day and had a crowd on the field besides. The next thing we had to do was to build some more stands, and maybe that didn't please me."

"Smiling Jeems" had to interrupt himself at this

point to indulge in an almost boisterous snicker at his success. And yet here he was watching the very club he founded, playing ball, unsung.

Origin of the Name "Giants."

"Meanwhile," continued the old manager, "John B. Day and I got together and we formed the New York team of the National League, now the Giants," and he waved his hand at the team playing.

"Ever hear how they happened to be called the Giants? No? Well, I named them one day. The boys were all tall in those days, because most of them were sluggers, and they didn't go in so much for speedy players then. They were winning, and I looked out at them and said: 'They're giants in playing and stature, too.'

"Somebody took it up, and they have been known



JAMES MUTRIE

as the Giants ever since. And say, speaking of the old fellows like Keefe and Tiernan, it seems good to be getting a few old Irish names into the leagues again like O'Toole and O'Brien. I'm not knocking these players of to-day, you understand, but it's my private opinion that it hurts the game to have so many 'Frenchmen and Swedes and Germans and Cubans on the clubs, and I look to see these men with the good old names with the Emerald Isle ring to them bolster it up."

"As soon as we had arranged to get the New York club I got right after the Troy players and brought

most of them back with me, in spite of the fact that the town was infested with rival managers and agents at the time. Among those I got were Connor, Welch, Gillespie and 'Buck' Ewing. My next job was to transfer Keefe and Esterbrook to the New York club, as they were supposed to be with the Mets. I got them under my wing that winter and took them on a pleasure trip to Bermuda and kept them there until they signed contracts. For this bit of baseball strategy I was suspended from the American Association and fined \$500."

So it will be seen that Jennings and McGraw and



"BUCK" EWING

Photo J. Wood



"TIM" KEEFE

Chance did not invent all the tricks of the trade. Mutrie was there or around with a little wisdom in his time.

"I had a very busy time after I took the New York club," said Mr. Mutrie, "for baseball was not the rose strewn path in those days that it is now. I remember

Tenny, Ames and Ford, Comic Cartoonists of the Big Leagues.

NOT discussing the efficacy of the drop ball when pitched to one German representative of Pittsburgh, Hans Wagner, not dilating on the intrinsic value of the fadeaway when handed Sherwood Magee in a pinch, not discoursing on the Athletics' winning of the world's championship, that all absorbing topic to outsiders, Fred Tenney, John, alias "Chief," Meyers, and Leon, alias "Red," Ames, stood before a picture at an exhibition a short time ago pointing out its strong and weak features.

The incident goes to show that baseball players do not always talk "shop" while off the field, a habit attributed to actors. They have other interests and other thoughts besides the number of bases that "Eddie" Collins stole last season or the exact culpability of "Ty" Cobb's batting average. A few of the big leaguers are very good artists and have practised their gift in a remunerative way as a side line. The most notable are "Fred" Tenney, manager of the Boston National League Club; Leon K. Ames, the pitcher of the Giants, and Russell Ford, the spitball sensation of the American League and affiliated with the Yankees. The Indian, Meyers, is not an artist, but is a great student of art, and by reading copiously has made himself a really competent critic.

Tenney is a great home man and takes much pleasure with his children. "The loyal rooster Lady B." is learning to draw and paint just now under her father's instruction, and he says that she is a very apt pupil.

Tenney as an Artist.

One spring, when Tenney had charge of the Boston club before he came to the Giants as a result of that big trade in the winter of 1908, he went South as the manager of the team, the secretary of the club, an artist for one Boston newspaper and the travelling correspondent for two others. All that Tenney had to do on that trip was to get up at seven o'clock in the morning and take his team out to the field on a jog right after breakfast, where they would practice and rehearse signs until noon. Then he would lead a run back to the hotel for dinner and, while the other players were resting for a couple of hours, Tenney, the artist, would get out his daily sketch.

Next Tenney, the manager, would lead the club on a jog back to the park, where a game would be played, and he would arrange signals, plan the club's general style, teach a few of the youngsters the fine points of the game and generally supervise the play. After the game followed the run back to the hotel, where the players would eat supper and afterward hang about the lobby manhandling their diamond rings, the inevitable mark of a big leaguer, with quill tooth-picks, and complaining because they had to work so hard on the spring trip.

Tenney, the author, would then hustle over to the telegraph office and file a couple of stories. Next he would return to the hotel and take care of the club's correspondence and arrange for playing dates and catch up any other odds and ends of business. Along about twelve or one o'clock Tenney, the man, would be ready for bed, and he wouldn't have another thing to do until seven o'clock the next morning.

Tenney was educated at Brown University and was on the baseball team there when it was composed of men whose playing paralyzed all other college teams in the country. Among the cast of characters contemporaneous with Tenney on the Brown team were

"Bill" Lauder, the old Giant third baseman, and rated as one of the best men in the country until "Matty" hit him in the head in practice one morning with a fast one and made him "but shy," and "Dave" Fultz, formerly of the Highlanders and now a practising lawyer. Tenney immediately after leaving college became a big leaguer and has been travelling in fast company ever since.

The ability to draw was born in him like his baseball. He never studied in Paris or any of the other big art centres, but he tried to put things down as they appeared to him. Look at the sketch of Wilkie.

Leon K. Ames, of Warren, Ohio, is a different sort of an artist. He never tries to do any serious work, but confines himself to cartoons. Look at the above. "Do you expect that McGraw will permit you to retain your job after he gets a look at that?" Ames was asked.



TENNEY AT HIS DRAWING BOARD



LEON AMES



"Mac gave me the idea for it."

"Why don't you draw a picture of McGraw as he looks when removing a pitcher from the box?"

"Say, do you think I can draw moving pictures?" That's the kind of artist Ames is—flippant, frothy, subtle, light. He is rated as one of the jokers in the back in Warren, Ohio, and when he gets there each fall he has to tell them all about the Giants. That's where he learned to play baseball, out there, and so they think that they have a right to the "inside stuff" of the big league.

Ames spends hours on the trips making sketches of his fellow players. He is one of the best natured persons in the world, in spite of the jinx which he conducted with him whenever he went into the pitcher's box until he found that lucky necktie this fall, and will as readily make you a picture as a sweet girl graduate will play the piano.

"I don't expect to ever make my living by drawing," admitted Ames, "but sometimes I think I might after looking over the work of a few of the cartoonists in the newspapers. But then I suppose that a lot of those artists believe they could squeeze a good salary out of baseball after seeing me pitch sometimes."

That is Ames the artist, always bubbling over with good nature and laughing at himself. But still he likes and honestly admires art, and whenever possible while on the road with the Giants visits galleries and exhibitions. Ball players have queer hobbies and fancies and means to pass the time when travelling.

Russell Ford, of the Yankees, is a more serious artist, refusing to have any of his work published unless he feels that it is worthy of him. He says that he has to be in the mood for drawing, and, in spite of the fact that he spent a whole day recently in a vain attempt to produce something worth while on short notice for this story, he had to give it up as a bad job until his artistic temperament got the inspiration. It didn't get it before this piece went to press. He is a severe critic of his own work, and what might have been considered worthy of publication by others went the route to the waste basket under the severe censorship of Mr. R. Ford, as is evidenced by his note—

"I don't want to pose as a joke artist. That sounds like the keynote of his sentiment. As a spitball pitcher he is no laugh, and, now that he draws, he wants it to be as good as his pitching, which is indeed a high mark at which to shoot."

Ford has done some cartoons for a paper in Indianapolis for regular money, and, to show that the gift runs in the family, he has a brother who is also a very good artist. Russell might have been a recognized leader of the modern school himself if he had not given so much attention to the development of his spit ball.

Russell Ford first languished in the limelight when, with his present battery mate, "Ed" Sweeney, he won the pennant for the Atlanta team. He next came to the Newark club of the Eastern League and then to the Highlanders in 1910, where he proved to be the pitching sensation of the season.

So it will be readily seen that all ball players are not just athletes. Some spend their idle time in other pursuits. Of course the great run of ball players devote many fleeting moments to proving the old theory that three of a kind are a big improvement over two pair, but they are just the ball players. Some have other ambitions. "Eddie" Collins, the great second baseman of the Philadelphia Athletics, for instance, would like to be a writer. He is a graduate of Columbia University and writes very well, having done some newspaper and magazine work already. This story is just a proof that some ball players can draw other things besides their salaries—and in support of the assertion, look at Ames and Tenney and Ford.

when Tom Lynch was an umpire, and he was the best one that ever lived. He was umpiring a close game in New York one day against Chicago, and a runner started to steal second base. It looked from the bench as if he had been touched out, but Lynch shouted, "Safe!"

"The crowd started to throw anything that they could lay their hands on, and I was pretty sore about it myself, as it cost us the game."

"On the level, did you touch him?" I asked Dan Richardson when he came to the bench.

"No, I missed him."

"The crowd was still howling, and particularly the bunch behind our bench wanted to kill some one. I went out in front and shouted: 'He never touched him, and now, if you want to fight any one, choose me!'"

"They were crazy then and followed Lynch and me off the field after we had lost the game. Finally Tom turned and challenged any one of them. 'I can't lick all of you at once,' he shouted, 'but any one of you!'" The toughest time I ever had with a crowd was in Kansas City where all the butchers herded in those days. We had been playing a close game and, in the ninth inning one of my men knocked the ball over the fence five feet fair and won it for us. "Foul! Foul!" shouted the butchers, who had a lot of money bet on the game.

"A New York man, 'Phil' Powers, was the umpire, and they were laying for him after the game. The field was down in sort of a hole and we had to climb up some steps to get into the club house to dress. A big, husky fellow in his shirt sleeves was waiting for us at the head of the stairs and in his hands was a baseball bat, while on his face was a look that showed he was not keeping it for a souvenir. Behind us stormed the mob, so that it looked as if we were going to get it one way or another."

"I'm going up," I said.

"Don't go up," said 'Phil' Powers, 'he'll brain you.' I started up those steps wondering if I would come down them feet first. When I got near the top I stuck out my hand to this big butcher and greeted him with: 'How are you? How'd you like the game?'"

"He sheepishly shifted the bat to the other hand and shook with me. The rest of the players and Powers followed up the stairs and we got into the club, but the crowd waited outside for us. I was the first one to leave and they spotted me."

"There he is," yelled the big butcher with whom I had shaken hands, but who had a relapse, and they all started after me. One man hit me in the ear with a lump of mud, and I made a run for it. That was the toughest experience I ever had with a crowd."

"Rooting" Back in 1887.

"They didn't use to root in the old days the way they do now! In 1887 I took the New York club to Chicago, near the end of the season, and if we had won two out of three games we would have won the championship. The crowd came out with tin horns and rattles and a brass band, and I never heard so much noise. It got my men all worked up and excited and we lost two out of the three games and the championship. That was the beginning of rooting, and from this time its psychological value was realized and managers began to use the crowds to rattle opposing teams."

"I had pretty good luck in New York. I won the championship in 1888 and 1889 and the world's championship both those years. In 1888 I beat Brooklyn for the world's championship and in 1889 I beat St. Louis. I left the Giants in 1890."

"But I want to speak of one pitcher," declared Mr. Mutrie with a smile, "and I don't think that a better one ever lived. His name was Amos Rusie, and well I remember the deal that brought him to New York. John T. Brush owned the Indianapolis club at the time, and the New York team paid \$25,000 for five players. They were Bassett, a third baseman; Buckley, a catcher; Bogart, a right fielder, and Glasscock, a shortstop, besides Rusie. The people laughed when that dicker was made, but what price would a man like Rusie bring now?"

"To watch my leg action now, you would never think I was a pedestrian, would you?" asked "Smiling Jeems," "but while I was in New Bedford some one sent a communication to the papers as a joke and signed my name to it offering to walk anybody for the championship of Bristol county. I was pestered to death with a lot of challenges and finally made a match with a man named Walker to walk him a mile. He was a hundred miles. His name should have been enough to scare me out, but I went out in the eighty-seventh mile and I won. Then I defeated Bill Hawes and McGunigle on the track. Lew Brown, of the Boston team, thought that he was a walker, and he challenged me to a match. A fellow named 'Curry' Foley came down with Brown as his trainer, but Lew refused to obey his orders and insisted on eating apple pie just before the race. The result was a bad defeat for Brown, and he had to quit in the twenty-third mile."

"This made Foley wild, for he blamed the pie, and he offered to take up the race where Brown left off. 'Come on,' I said, and Foley started to 'race me.' He gave it up after seventeen miles, and the next place he stopped was on a cot. He was lying on this cot soaking his sore feet in hot water to reduce the blisters on them when some one handed him a telegram, the sender thinking that he was still on the track. The telegram read—

"Stick to it, Foley, stick to it!"

"Yes, by ginger, I'll stick to it!" declared Foley. "I'll stick to this cot," and he did for two weeks."

"What! A little of my early baseball career? I was born in Chelsea, Mass., and am sixty-six years old. My father was a Scotchman and my mother a Yankee. I played cricket a good deal when I was a boy, but up to the time that I was sixteen I had never touched a baseball. Some of the boys who had seen me play cricket invited me to join a ball club about this time, which was 1870, and the name of the first club I played with was the Dreadnaughts of Chelsea. I had not thought at that time of making baseball my profession. In 1875 I became a professional and took charge of the Lewiston (Me.) team, where I started to catch the first game. A fellow named 'Denny' Callahan was pitching, and I tried to stop a foul tip. They didn't have upholstery for the catcher in those days and doormat gloves, and I stopped that foul tip with my collar bone. It gave way. So I spent the rest of the season umpiring with my arm in a sling."

"I went to Fall River the next season and got \$60 a month. I played shortstop there, having tired of catching. It was while at Fall River I brought out George Gore, and there is one achievement of which I am proud. Gore was a big, raw boned countryman from Saccarappa, Me., and the first part of his career had been spent with the Portland club, but I offered him \$10 a month, and he could not let this princely salary get away from him. At first Gore did not show, but all at once he began hitting the ball so hard that the fielders moved back to the fence, and then they couldn't get his hits, for most of them went over. In two weeks he owned Fall River."

"In 1879 I went to New Bedford under Frank Bancroft, now the business manager of the Cincinnati club. Yes, he's as old as I. I had with me Gore, Harry Stovey, George Washington Bradley and Jake Evans. I hired Roger Connor, but in less than a month Bancroft released him as worthless. In spite of my protest."

Just then the telephone rang, and it was a call for Mr. Mutrie.

"Ding these new fangled machines!" he exclaimed as he came back. "That's my wife, and she said supper was ready and getting cold. Why, I have been talking to you all the afternoon. But say, I like to think of the old boys again. Well, so long!"

And "Smiling Jeems" hobbled away with the aid of his cane. Once his pictures were in all the prints. Now he is forgotten and tucked away in Stratton Island. And baseball did not bring him wealth.